

# The Brandon Mail.

VOL. 13., NO. 34.

BRANDON MAN., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1895.

FIVE CENTS.

## Colds

A general cold where Fleming's Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry are taken.

## Coughs

Soporific you when Fleming's Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry are taken.

## Asthma

Does not come when your cold is stopped by the use of Fleming's Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry.

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Will not carry off your best friends if you give them Fleming's Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry.

## Fleming's Drug Stores,

BRANDON AND WAWANESA.

High healing powers are possessed by Victoria Carbolic Salve, the best remedy for Cuts, Burns, Sores and Wounds.

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## MEDICAL

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WANTED HELP.—Reliable men in every branch of trade to introduce new stores and fixtures and establish up-to-date, honest and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commissions paid on sales. Good month and expenses money deposited in bank. Send full particulars write the World Medical Publishing Co., Box 221, London, Ontario, 6-30.

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## BRANDON, MAN.

## T. GREEN, BUTC'

ROSSER AVE., BRANDO

## W. W. GREENER

ROSSER AVE., BRANDO

## E. C. POWDER

ROSSER AVE., BRANDO

## W. W. GREENER



"Tis a mercy, then!" said the woman, roughly, but the mother that is in every wife has mercy for the boy that is in



SHE LEFT HER HAND IN HIS, every husband, and she and Weymouth were lovers, and so she began to pity him.

I bought a bit of bread and cheese, dead here in my apron," she said. "I almost forgot it. You don't stop to eat it now. It was poor housing for you, God

knows."

He had left his storm and cold two days before and the wistful love she had betrayed was more to Weymouth than any danger past, present or to come. It must be that she had forgotten her unkind decision, but at the first word of an eager question she left his side and hurried up the long slope. The heavy leather patch chafed and bumed its carrier's side but worse than that, unhappy forebodings took the spirit out of his heart. The whole adventure seemed unreal, danger and assistance were both alike strange events, a play which developed itself before his eyes. Weymouth was light-headed for the moment, and neither his own safety nor the gold's appeared to be important, while the whole happiness of his life was at stake.

A mile or two away the old inn stood up against the dark sky like a dismal prison. There were lights about it now, as if there were some stir and excitement.

The escaped man drew a long breath and hastened toward to overtake his companion.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "I have no horse, and I must reach Bristol by dawn. I have spent my life with horses, but this one was like a brother. Well, I must leave him to their mercy. We should have been in Bristol now, for the sailing of a ship."

"You were led astray," said she, speaking over her shoulder as he walked along behind.

"By whom, then?"

"By Rogers, he has trusted me long as the bank; he has been waiting his chance, and has been in league with these people," she faltered. "Let us make haste."

"I thought you meant to lead the vessel to Weymouth. They could have got round into Bristol."

"Do you not see that the wind has fallen?" answered his companion. "Fools have been dropped, overboard from that craft before now. The Severn is deep and wide enough to hide many a man, with a stone fast to his neck."

Again they walked on for some time without speaking, but at the foot of a long ridge of land with a hedge at the top, she stopped once more and whispered behind:

"We must do something bold now," she said; "that is the need above us."

Weymouth stood like a soldier waiting for his orders.

"There is an inn close by us at the road's end. 'Tis no place, yet not a den of thieves, like Bristol, where he painted back to the shore. Let us escape now, bring down the law on them all. If they have not sent some one here already, they will do it soon. They will not let you get away so easily," she said, faltering again. "No one has escaped them yet who could tell tales, and she sold her in spite of herself and let him take her into his arms. Her strength had broken at last. "Promised something," she said, and he promised in love and pity.

"It is my shame and doom," she said, when she could speak. "I cannot angry such a honest man. They are my own people, my nearest kin, these murderers and thieves. But they are going to America, their passage is already taken. Next week all will be at an end. Let them go free; they took me an orphan and bred me up truly. 'Tis as good as any punishment I have promised to go with them; it is my only hope and prayer to help them and save their souls by honest living in

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She was wild and pale now with her kisses and entreaties. "O my man! I cannot be your shame," she cried like a whose distress was more than could be borne. "You do not know—you do not know—so worse with them while I had gone away."

"Then I must follow you," said the truant man, trying to comfort her. "You are more than ever the wife for me."

Her face shone in the dark with whiteness. She stood before him and pushing his hand with a firm hand her manner wholly changed.

"Listen to me—"she stopped a moment while they both heard a horse's tread coming along the highway. "Whatever that horse may be, if the rider stops at the inn you must be ready to take grand father."

He rapidly told him to find his way since the road divided just beyond, and to catch up to her up the hill steep and winding. The horse was coming as a gallop.

"He comes by the odds! Look in the inn kitchen," she said aloud, triumphantly.

"The landlord, your horse? Quick now!" she cried, and the rider leaped to the ground, pleased at all, and had hardly opened the inn door when Weymouth, safe in his own saddle, rode away free as a bird down the Bristol road.

#### CHAPTER IV.

There was no time for farewells, but all the way the thought of the lonely figure behind him in the road was like a sword in Weymouth's heart. As day broke he rode into Bristol a weary but not hopeless man. Through all the hungry and business of the morning, the experience of a night dimmed in his mind, full of uneasiness, like the reverie brims of a bad dream. In spite of his fears, he must see that such horrid business was stopped. This thought possessed him at one moment and at the next he only desired to rescue the woman, whom he now loved more than ever, from such surroundings and from that sense which so preyed upon her of responsibility. It was necessary to act with discretion. He knew now the reason of her withdrawal from her promise made when they were together in a distant part of England, and while she for some reason had felt free and heartless. Why had she come back to the old shame, or to new certainty of shame? All these things must wait for explanation, but, for his part, he could not wait long to see his deliverer again. It was a wonder that he was not under the Severn like the rest. But for the woman he loved best, but for Elizabeth Brent, he might indeed be drifting and swaying under the tide, the treasure stolen, and he himself charged with the robbery. He had read in the whole plot clear to himself with its clever undigging he could never forget the look of terror on that face in the shadow of the water when the man whose robbery was planned had proved to be himself. What pity grew in his heart for that young creature, an angel, as she seemed to him, lost among thieves!

The first thing to be done was to make his report to those who had sent him out on the errand, and then to take the quickest of journeys to find her again and make sure that they should never be

separated again, that the country was well rid of such peck—they were not old country folk but busy comers, and their room in England was better than their company. Of Rogers nothing could be heard.

The disappointed riders called for supper and made the most of the poor comforts of the roads-to-tavern, but it being after night all Weymouth slipped out alone and crossing the road followed the footpath down toward the Severn. He was at least like a dog that had

many years and saw old England again before they died.

Once Weymouth, who seldom reminded his wife of what could only bring shame and sorrow to her heart, as he sat thinking at night before the fire, said boldly:

"Where was the master of the inn that night, and what was his part of the game? Why hadn't he wit enough to keep watch and follow us?" Then his wife answered, cheerfully, looking at him with a smile.

"Because he was the old Welsh woman in the curtain bed."

"And that new net?"

"Was it who put it there, my dear?" "And saved my life!" said Weymouth. "Yet I did not know that it was for you," she said. "I only feared for some person in danger. I was going for help next moment when you came into the kitchen and I saw your face."

"It was a dark night, indeed," said Weymouth, putting at his pipe, "but the money we got to Bristol, and here we are now together."

THE END.

#### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1657.

The number of women employed at the collieries in South Staffordshire, England, has fallen since 1875 from 1,221 to

99.

The unemployed Canadian Pacific workmen of Winnipeg have selected Laramie, Alberta, as a suitable locality for their proposed farming colony.

The French chamber has adopted the credit of \$300,000 for the laying of a cable between the French Red Sea port of Obock and Djibouti the southernmost point of the French territory on that coast.

The largest department store in the world is to be built in New York with Chicago as the site alone for this store cost about \$7,000,000, and it will occupy parts of three blocks.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light and very warm waterproof cloth.

For some time the eight-hour movement has been making great progress among Russian manufacturers, and several firms have just established the system in their factories and workshops without making any reduction in wages.

#### Helpful Hints.

Toasted sponge-cake is delicious.

Refrain from indulging in large draughts of ice water.

Dried orange rinds are useful for kindling, owing to the oil they contain.

A serviceable laundry apron is made of rubbers cloth or blue denim.

Fine laces can be nicely cleaned by rubbing them in hot flour.

The left-over peas and beans are the foundation for a savory soup.

It is well to bear in mind that a tea-spoonful of the white of an egg added to a salad dressing before stirring in the oil will prevent emulsing.

The true economist will reserve the oil papers that envelop butter for lining cake tins.

Are you aware that a little sugar in the water in which turnips are boiled will correct the bitterness?

Darken the dining-room and open the outer door, and the flies can be easily induced to make their exit.

A hot day dessert: Split-crackers, butter them lightly, brown in a hot oven and serve with cheese and coffee.

#### Bachelors Remember.

It is possible to be happy though single.

It is wise to pay bills as soon as possible.

A bicycle should not be kept in a bedroom.

Tooth brushes should be renewed frequently.

Good clothes are the cheapest in the long run.

A straw hat can be whitened with lemon juice.

Only the best quality of liquor should be drunk.

It is never worth while to eat in a restaurant alone.

It is a good thing to go to bed early once in a while.

Orderliness and cleanliness are about the same thing.

One portion at a restaurant is usually enough for two.

A loaded revolver is not a desirable article of furniture.

It is a mistake to stay in bed late on Sunday mornings.

A bathtub should be enamelled for the sake of cleanliness.

One can dress well with little money and badly with much.

There are more than enough pinches and banjos in the world.

The lower hallway is not the proper place to stable a bicycle.

**New Orleans Pleasures.**

China is the biggest crop Japan has ever harvested.

Turkey must up and Bedouin to stop the festing of her Arab.

All the same duck-trousers are not the thing to go into water with.

The diplomat who knows something should not open his mouth, for fear what he knows may escape.

Indianapolis people want the horse hitching posts removed from their streets. They have a country village appearance.

Ejects will be made to stop bull fights in Atlanta, and to stop bullfights in Dallas.

It would also be a good thing if numbers in Louisiana and Mississippi could be stopped.

The King of Spain fell from his bleyde the other day and hurt his foot.

He is nine years old and the insurrection in Cuba is not bothering him but he is not when his wheel gives him a tumble.

#### Misleading Labels.

A French chemist makes wine out of potatos.

London bridge is crossed by 20,000 people daily.

India has 130,000 lepers according to the last census.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

A million matches are used in Europe every twelve minutes.

The greatest length of the Desert of Sahara is 3,000 miles. The greatest width is 600 miles.

If a small head be cut off and a animal be placed in a cool moist spot a new head will be grown.

There is a law in Germany forbidding restaurants to serve beer to people who have eaten fruit.

#### From Over the Sea.

Paris sewers are illuminated.

China has a var god that has 3,000 names.

Only 995 persons in 1,000,000 die from scurvy.

There are two solid silver tea tables at Windsor Castle.

There is an orchard in Jersey containing 10,000 pear trees.

The German Emperor has again taken to riding before breakfast.

Do Maurier, the author of "Trilby," only has the sight of one eye.

Twenty lives lie between the Emperor of Germany and the British throne.

The last words uttered by the late Prof. Blackie were in ancient Greek.

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 was spent in England alone in charity in 1898.

It is estimated that the people of England spend \$750,000 a day in moving.

Campbell Bannerman is supposed to be the richest man on the English Ministerial Bench.

For the first time in a century Spanish women took part in a full fight at Barcelona.

José de Heredia the Cuban poet, has just been formally received into the French Academy.

Since December 1,000,000 Bibles have been distributed in China and 50,000 ditions.

Mr. Gladstone, when staying in a country house takes a keen enjoyment in after-dinner games.

Maurice Boucher has finished his translation into French of all the songs found in Shakespeare's works.

Australian authorities have dismissed the Vienna chief of police as too indulgent towards socialists.

A Frenchman has offered to bestow a life-size bronze statue of King Lear upon the corporation of Dover.

Dancing is the principal amusement of the Esquimaux. The music is afforded by drums made of walrus skins.

France has adopted the pension system with workmen of ten years standing as benefit society members.

Grant Allen commenced life as a schoolmaster, and it was some years before he entirely abandoned that calling for literature.

It is estimated by engineers that the leakage from the gas pipes of London equals nine per cent of the total manufacture.

The Duke of Edinburgh, when a midshipman used to cut the Queen's signature on the back of his cap.

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## THE MAIL.

A popularized newspaper, literature and news being the propounder, at its office on Rosser Ave., one week between 6th and 7th Streets.

For transmission to agents, 10 cents per advertising page, or 1 cent a line first insertion and 8 cents for subsequent.

Reduced rates for commercial advertisements made known in advance.

Subscription price, \$2.00, payable in advance.

C. CLIFFE, Editor-in-Chief.

C. V. CLIFFE, Proprietor.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26th, 1895.

### HOW WILL THE ORANGEMEN GO?

We do not at the present time consider it our province to decide the Orangemen of the Canadian Northwest on their duty in the coming election as Robinson of the Times lectures them four years ago. At that time, or the eve of an election, Robinson called Daly, for instance, "a miserable upstart and an arch traitor," and said that for ever with the government on the Jesuit estates matter he should be pressed rigorously by every Orangeman in the land. Of course Mr. Daly has never since done anything to make that act, and yet Robinson has changed his mind—with the Jesuit estates men gone for the support of the Roman Catholic religion in Quebec. Robinson tells the people that Mr. Daly is the man of all others they now should accept, and for this crawling into 11 hole and turning inside out, Mr. Daly beseeches Robinson with tears of contrition and all is done.

The Mail did not at the time denounce the government for non-interference in that Jesuit matter, nor do we denounce them now. Though we would have liked at the time to have seen that money otherwise disposed of we felt it was purely a Quebec matter and the Quebec authorities should be allowed to dispose of it as they thought proper. When, however, it comes to Quebec disposing of what is purely and solely a Manitoba matter, Robin son now approves, and we dissent.

But let us take a glance backward to better understand the matter. In the argument before the Privy Council before the first decision was given, it was clearly established that there was nothing in the early Bills of Right or in the constitutional act of 1870 concerning separate schools on Manitoba. That it was not until after the province was a year in confederation, in 1871, that separate schools became established and then under a provincial act. If that provincial act had not then been passed and never adopted since the Roman Catholics would not have a single pig to lay to have a contention for separate schools. It is simply because separate schools were adopted in 1871 and abolished in 1890, the Roman Catholics are raising their present claims. It is simply because they were in 1870 deprived of a privilege they enjoyed since 1871, they took their case to the Privy Council, and the Privy Council says by law the Dominion government may give them remedial legislation. Short of all its legal phraseology, that's the whole case in a nutshell. Now, this is the only exception of such a hearing in the whole of Canadian legislation. Here is an anomalous constitutional law that says that if a provincial legislature of one day abolishes an act of its predecessors of an earlier day, on appeal of the parties affected the Federal government may grant redress to the appellants.

Interest parties, the Federal premier Mr. Daly, &c., say the decision of the Privy Council—that is a judicial body who were simply asked to interpret the law as it stood and not to make law—makes it imperative on the Federal government to grant remedial legislation, that is they are clothed with the power because of their high position to change "may grant remedial law" into "must grant" remedial law. Of course the thing is too absurd to listen to for a moment, and especially when more capable conservative lawyers in the House than ever either the Premier or Mr. Daly proposed to be, have said emphatically there is no legal obligation on the government to interfere one way or the other in the matter, but to allow the matter to take its course in the provincial legislature.

We may then properly put the question Robinson put four years ago, "How will the Orangemen go?" At that time there was but the Jesuit estates a Quebec matter involved, and now there is the Jesuit estates and a purely Manitoba matter involved.

Then "How will the Orangemen go?" As we understand the Orange obligation under it Orangemen are bound to give the Roman Catholics every privilege they enjoy themselves, and to see they get nothing more. If they admit the present Manitoba school system is a Protestant system, and that the religious exercises are not alone calculated to establish the general principles of Christianity, to which all Christian denominations claim to subscribe, but to propagate the Protestant religion as such, they are bound to concede

separate schools to the Roman Catholics. If on the other hand they feel the present religious exercises are calculated to perpetuate not the simple teaching of the Bible, in which the Roman Catholics profess to believe, they are bound under their obligation to resist to the utmost every effort to make them do the naked acts before the people. Orangemen at last, and we suggest they should do their duty regardless of politics and policies.

The question is will the Protestants and especially the Orangemen of Manitoba endorse candidates who have an irrevocable separate school system in the country, not because the law of the land calls for it or the constitution or any decision of the courts makes it imperative but simply because the representatives of Quebec for the purpose of perpetuating the Roman Catholic religion make that a condition of their support to the government of the day.

It is only a few years since the provincial Conservatives declared in convention that if the province had not the power to abolish separate schools, they would move to have the constitution amended to enable it to abolish them. Are they now going to shamefully stifle themselves and their descendants for the personal gain, by retention of office, of a few individuals?

These are all the important questions of the hour. Most people will admit that in forcing the present system, which embodies some hardship on the minority, so abruptly on the country, the provincial government did a wrong, but this is a matter the provincial government and not the Federal, must alone deal with.

The talk now is to superannuate Col. Scott, Collector of Customs at Winnipeg to make room for A. W. Ross. The Col. has held the office about 8 years and drawn \$24,000 in that time for acting as a figure head. He has paid into the government nearly \$100,000 accounts a year, or \$48,000, and in superannuation is to receive \$1,200 a year from the taxes of the public. In the natural course of things the Col. is young enough to live 15 years yet, and in that time he will have drawn from the pockets of the tax payers \$180,000 for the \$480, and all to please the 18 men at Ottawa, in providing a berth for a friend. This is nothing more or less than legalized robbery, call it what you may, and the wonder is that there can be an honest man in the country found to defend it. This is the way politics are run by a few schemers in Canada.

While it is a fact that some features of the Canadian protective policy bear unnecessarily heavy on the Manitoba farmer there are other features of it that are proving very serviceable. For instance, for the past month there has been a fixed difference of from 4 to 5 cents a bushel in the price of wheat at Gratiot and Emerson and the American canning across the line in favor of this side. Under all circumstances the demands of the Ontario millers enter largely into making the price of Western wheat. They must have it to mix with the Ontario crop and to keep their mills going. It is true that the English market is the great controller of prices here and in the States, as both have wheat to export, but the local demands of millers in Eastern Canada are a local influence that of late years has grown very potent. Upon this principle the Liberals love so much to quote, that people like to buy in the cheapest market, the Ontario millers would certainly buy in Dakota instead of Manitoba as the price is lower over there, if the Canadian duty would allow them to do so. It however prevents them and forces up our price, four or five cents a bushel. In this connection too we may say that the higher price here goes to show that our combines, such as they are, are less exacting than the combines across the border.

Even upon the principle of giving the devil his due, the Manitoba farmer must admit that through his dealers and middlemen he is better treated than his American neighbors across the lines.

### MARKETS.

Wheat.....43c  
Oats.....13 to 14c  
Butter, rolls or prints.....8 to 11c  
Butter in tubs, No. 1.....10 to 11c

### YELLOW OIL.

For Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Frost Bites, Croup, and all Pains and Aches, either internal or external. Higgin's Yellow Oil is an unrivaled cure.

### VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and burning effect of Higgin's Yellow Oil is an unrivaled cure.

COAL OIL.

### NATION AND SHEWAN.

The next firm we notice in the list of successful ones is Nation & Shewan, the senior partner being also one of our dear residents. Mr. F. Nation came to this city about 12 years ago, having been brought up to the dry goods business in Ontario, being in it from boyhood, very naturally took to it on reaching the city. His first venture was in a partnership with Mr. A. N. S. Logan, in the Molehawk Building, on the corner of 8th St. and Ross St. Ave. From the first he saw the desirability of conducting business on the aggressive principle—that is stocking to meet all taste's and requirements and then pushing. It is generally conceded it is owing to that characteristic, watching tastes and buying a good buy, that he may mainly attribute his success. Mr. Atkinson was not at this time inclined to venture, he preferring a slower and more conservative business method, and a dissolution of partnership and purchase of Mr. Atkinson's interests, after 24 years union was the result. He then moved into the new brick on the corner of 8th St. and Ross that summer erected by Mr. McPharland. Here he stocked up, advertised and pushed ahead again and made money, drawing a heavy trade. In 1880, he erected the premises the firm are now in, the most commodious single store in the province, outside of Winnipeg at least. It is 30x80, 3 stories and a basement, and the firm now occupy all but the top story, and have all filled with a most substantial stock running up to about \$60,000, so they say. In a year or so after, or about the same time (1880), he erected one of the finest residences in the city. Anticipating, we presume, a period of depression in 1882, he sold out to A. D. Rankin & Co. They in turn sold to Haley & Sutton. In 1894, with the turn of the tide, Mr. Nation again opened in the city, bringing from the east Mr. Shawan, who is acknowledged to be an expert in the trade, as he salesman and manager, which position was soon changed to a partnership. This latter gentleman had already picked up the business remains of the old firms of Ontario, Chicago, & in all the departments of the business the most systematic arrangements are made, and everything done on a strict cash basis. On the second floor dress making is conducted, and the heavier goods are kept. The firm observe the rule of weeding out all goods unsatisfactory and going out of fashion, at any price they will bring, often a proverbial figure of speech. This enables them to keep, to use a modern term, their stock always up to date, especially so this season by the heavy purchases Mr. Nation made by personal inspection, in his long ast, from which he has just

Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again.

"About a year ago I had a very severe attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down and my bones were in a



Terrible Condition.

I lost flesh and became depressed in spirits. Finally a friend who had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it and I did so. I continued taking it until I used twelve bottles and today I can honestly say Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored me to my former health." JACOB WILCOX, St. Thomas, Ontario.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

### Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It cures when all other preparations fail.

### Hood's Pills family cathartie. 25c.

### THE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Trot Lake, Ont., Jan. 2, 1890.

V. H. CONSTOCK, Brockville.

Dear Sir.—For a number of years I have used and sold your "Dr. Morse's in a Box Pills." I consider them to be the best for "Family Use," and all who speak highly of them.

Yours truly,

R. Lawson.

APR

1890.

APR



# A DARK NIGHT

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

(Copyright 1893.)

## CHAPTER I.

Many years ago two men were talking together one morning in the private room of a bank in the west of England. The senior partner of the house, a white-haired, sage-looking man, was seated, frowning his companion. "We evidently had their business to discuss very much at hand. There was something eager and adventurous in the younger man's appearance, in spite of the look that betrayed the country squire and lawyer that he was. The bank, personified by the elder man, was making an investment quite apart from its usual steady customs, to join the squires who was putting a good bit of money into a venture by sea. This money was to be forwarded to the port of Bristol to be shipped, and the two capitalists had received news from the captain of the vessel that he was sailing much sooner than had been his first intention. The difficulty was to find a proper messenger at such short notice, and the squire, who was something of a sportsman, had come to say that he had fallen in unexpectedly with a horse-dealer, a very honest man, fearless and a good rider, whom he had known for many years, and who, fortunately, was on his way to Bristol the next day but one.

The only defect he has is in being a stranger to the roads hereabouts; I mean between here and Bristol," said the squire. "But Rogers, you say, can go with him, and knows the way well. Weymouth has an English tongue in his head, but with so much gold to carry a man is sometimes glad to take a short cut, or a different turn, especially in these days where there is so much tramping and thievery. You never know whom you fall in with on the road. I must say I never liked the looks of Rogers."

The squire turned quickly from the window where he stood with hands deep in his pockets, looking out in the street, and saw Rogers himself, who had come, soft-footed as a cat, from the outer room to stand behind the senior partner. The squire started at him angrily.

"I knocked, sir," said Rogers, deferentially.

"I should hope so," answered the squire with coldness. But the clerk seemed to take no offense, and departed on tiptoe after handing some checks to his chief. The old man flushed a little and was disturbed. Rogers was his daily companion and made himself quite indispensable. To the squire he was only a subordinate, and apt to be presuming and curious.

"I don't like him, in spite of all you say," the squire grumbled to the senior partner a moment after the door was softly closed.

"Well, perhaps not as a companion," agreed the old gentleman with a smile. "I thought he looked crafty and sneaking myself at first sight, but he has been perfectly faithful and useful these six or eight months now, and I long ago gave up suspecting Rogers. He is curious, perhaps."

"He'll wait forever for his chance, but he'll take it when he gets it," said the squire. "This is if I know anything of human nature. I wish we had our money all in notes instead of so much gold, but we cannot risk the chance of our changing the notes in Bristol before the Mary and Bell sets sail. And my man Weymouth can hold his own. I'll warrant him. I hope he'll be prompt about starting. He has as much as told me that it was not all business that keeps him here; he is paying attention to a young woman whom he hopes to marry. But he's a man of his word. It's a good bit of work for him and very well earned, as I may say, since he was going to Bristol a day later at any rate."

The squire took his riding stick and glove from the table and bade his old friend good morning. They shook hands heartily and had a cheerful word or two about their business and its probable success.

"See that they start at six o'clock Sunday morning, or even earlier," the younger man turned back to say. "The roads are heavy already with so much rain, and if I don't mistake the signs there's more coming. They can't get to Bristol at least before night. I don't know what sort of a mount Rogers will get. He'll soon worry a good horse out of his wits. I should think 'Twil tell him that Fenderson is set upon sailing early."

"He'll wait a tide for his money," said the senior partner, with a smile, slipping the toe of his chair. "He's a prompt man, Fenderson, and an excellent ship master, but eighteen hundred pounds is a good sum to miss; his luck depends on getting it, you know. Still, I'll tell Rogers. Take a glass of Madeira before you go; you will join me, sir, 'tis toward noon!"

As night was falling two mounted messengers spattered with mud from cap to stirrup, were riding wearily along a dark, worn country lane. They were in the north part of the county of Somerset, near the waters of the Severn. The lane itself, deserted enough that night, was a great thoroughfare for the wayfarer who went southward west to cross over into Wales. By this immemorial stream of travel and the weariness of the weather it had been worn like a swift stream's channel deep below the level of the country. One of the riders kept glancing fearfully at the high banks above him, as if he expected to see a head in the thickets peering down. The other man rode straight and stern in his saddle, and took no notice of anything but his horse and the slippery road.

As they came, riding northward side by side, to the top of a little hill, Rogers, who wore a strangely pale and wan look, gave a sigh of relief, and his horse, which limped and bore the marks of having been on his knees, whinnied as if in sympathy. The wide, gray Severn lay before them; the high headlands sloped gently away on the right, and fell off like a set of the teeth below the land was edged in a long line of dyke which fenced the sea from marsh and meadows that stretched away from the coast. Over the wide water drifted low clouds, of fog and rain, and in the southwest a dull red gleam of fading winter sunset lightened but little the cold and stormy color of the sky. High above the Severn, at the road's end, stood a group of low buildings perched on the headland together, like a convent or a pile of military defense.

As the travelers rode into the yard of the old Black Eagle inn in the twilight, the sun itself and all its stables and outhouses seemed deserted. There was a bare and empty look everywhere. The

sunset just struck a fast, whip of rain at the two tired men, and Weymouth called impatiently to the master, and then got stiffly to the ground and stamped his feet and laid himself as low as he could his horse's bridle. The creature dropped his head low and steamed in the cool air.

There were two windows in the inn itself, dimly lighted, as if by firelight, and in another window in the landward corner a candle flickered faintly. The whole place seemed dull and unfriendly with its stone walls and roofs. Rogers grumbled with a plaintive whine, his companion shouted again with a strong, honest voice, and presently a stable door was flung open and two men came out. Inside, the light of an early lantern beamed comfortably, and the horses turned their ears that way, as if eager for their supper and warm bedding. There was no sound from within of stamping hoofs or cry of crowded and biting horses. The business was evidently at lowest ebb.

"Rub them down well and give them good feed as soon as you dare; full oats and scant hay. We must be on our way again two hours from this at least, we lost the road and were in haste at any rate," said Weymouth. "I'll come on and look after them in an hour. Mind they're in the wind," he added.

"Come, get down and be added, in another tone to his fellow-traveller, who shrank weariness or uncertainty still sat his horse like a drooping statue. "Strike the mind off you here; I'll help you, then," as the man gave a groan and then tried to dismount. "After the first wrench you're all right. Come you're none the worse for your cropper into clay and mud!"



TWO MOUNTED MESSENGERS.

Weymouth had come back from her cupboard again with a single clumsy-looking glass on a tray. Weymouth thanked her and took it in his hand and offered it again with much gallantry; but she shook her head, not displeased, and went back to her work.

Then the guest cast another glance at his fellow-traveller, who just at that moment stirred and groaned again, uneasily. Weymouth bent toward him, and shook him gently, holding the glass to his lips. The drowsy man was quick to know the welcome odor, and drank the brandy down with eagerness, opening his eyes wide and making a queer face as he finished.

"What's this?" said he.

"The brandy," said Weymouth, laughing boisterously. "So you've forgotten how it tastes since noon."

"Twas not for him!" exclaimed the woman coming back from her cupboard angrily. "You might have choked a sleeping man if he'd called at Weymouth, and drenched her fast like fury."

"Sleep then," she said to Rogers, who laughed a little and gazed at her stupidly but half startled. "What's the odds, Betsy?" he faltered, as if he knew her well.

"Betsey me none of your, Betsy," said the rough-mannered mistress of the house, sharply; then, controlling herself, she caught up the empty glass, and her tone changed. "Some other drink would have done for him just as well," she said, in a wheeling whisper, and, returning to her shelf, she filled a second glass. Weymouth observed that it was fuller than the first, and accepted it amably.

The cross-grained creature had meant to pay him a pretty compliment in pouring him her best grog, and he thanked her civilly, with proper toast to her good fortune, as he raised the glass to his lips.

He was still standing before the fire; something crossed his mind at that moment. The woman was by her table where she could see him, and with his hand covering his glass he tossed his head back and said, "I'll have a drink. She turned away with a queer sigh. Rogers shut his eyes again, and quaked as a flash Weymouth threw the brandy behind him into the ashes.

## CHAPTER II.

Weymouth did not leave his place by the fire, but stood there innocently drying his muddy clothes. The fire had caught a fagot and was crackling and snapping bravely; suddenly it shot up a strange gleam at the side which nobody appeared to notice, though it shone full in the face of the lady and showed her to be more serene and less excited, and presently she became unexpectedly talkative.

"I do feel proper disgraced to be found so shiftless by you gentlemen," she apologized to Weymouth, whose face was in a shadow. "Custom is so poor that there was no counting on anybody from week's end to week's end. We're giving up our lease to go to America and said that on Monday we'd harbor strangers no more, and since then I've had companies of travelling folk lighting down, all crying for me to let them have a thankful night with the sun, and risen less

since then before they got away."

"You'll wait another hour for your supper at least," she added; "I'd no eggs by me, but I've sent up the road a bit; I cooked the last I had for the folks that was just before you. And I ain't got but the one room to show you; the chimney tell all belongs to the other side of the house. He'd ought to get fed," nodding at the poor crooked-necked figure on the settle. "I make bold to say I want no trouble with him. There's a fire in there—there's somebody in there already, but

Weymouth left the window, uneasy enough in his mind; he could not see why to escape in this direction; it was evidently too high for a safe drop to the ground. Then he hung up; his own plan was best and nobody could with decency oppose it; he could call for his horse presently and ride away. Yet if it were known, as he suspected, that he was carrying treasure, it would still take courage to start out alone on a tired horse.

He sat down by the fire and looked about him. There was little furniture in the place except the two old beds, one with its closed curtains of thick stuff and the other, a poorly-posted make-shift on which Rogers lay. The old Welsh woman had a low, landlady-like manner, but Rogers slept as if he were dead.

"I'm not so good-looking as the poor crooked-necked figure on the settle," he said. "You'll wait another hour for your supper at least," she added; "I'd no eggs by me, but I've sent up the road a bit; I cooked the last I had for the folks that was just before you. And I ain't got but the one room to show you; the chimney tell all belongs to the other side of the house. He'd ought to get fed," nodding at the poor crooked-necked figure on the settle. "I make bold to say I want no trouble with him. There's a fire in there—there's somebody in there already, but

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He had the feeling that he was watched. What about the old Welsh woman? It was by no means uncommon for travelers to be crowded together in country inns, but the landlady had been almost too eager to forestall suspicion. And the presence of some master had joined her with the hope of marriage only to find that she had changed, that she put him off and spoke doubtfully of the future. She had suffered the same pain of growing old, but she had repudiated him with a bitter smile upon him, and the thought of her lonely figure as they parted returned to him like a vision. She had refused to see him again this was two days before; and the journey to Bristol must be quickly over so that he might go back to plead with her. It was wrong to have parted angrily as he had done—if ever life was in a snarl it was now, but there were ways to conquer. He started to his feet and went quickly toward the kitchen only to discover that the door had been fastened on the outside.

He coolly lit the latch and returned to his chair; beside it was the heavy bunch of notes and gold and he slung it over his shoulders and fastened the belt with stony fingers. The sudden wave of rage and impatience which brief space while the troubles of his own heart once again burst forth made him dash the belt from his own breast and drop it on the floor. Then his fears most boldly passed; he must only escape to plead with Elizabeth Brent, but he was bound in honor to carry his wallet to Bristol to Captain Fenderson, of the ship Mary and Bell.

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"You've had brandy enough now," she said him roughly. "Look at the door because the latch is old and it flies open and keeps both fires smoldering. Cease your noise; I'll call you for supper."

There were two rough-looking men by the fireside and a woman stood behind the settle whose eyes met his as if they struck a flash of light. At the first sight of her face he stopped, for an instant he lost power of speech; then he went on with his drunken play and staggered toward the middle of the room.

The men laughed, the landlady scolded, and the slender figure behind the settle was half hidden in its shadow. Elizabeth Brent, the woman he loved and

said, her eyes falling before his unspoken reproach of her manners, and going back to the wheeling tone she had taken earlier. "You're too heated, sir," she explained humbly, "an' tis wet without and blowing again. You'd best stay under cover while you may."

The inner room to which Weymouth returned was long and narrow with but one narrow window at each end. That toward the courtyard was shutwest and fastened on the outside and some of the glass was broken while there were cobwebs and dust that had long been gathering. The window was high above the dyke and looked down at the dyke and the meadows and far over the gloomy water beyond.

The moon was rising behind the headgear, and though daylight was now completely gone, there was a strange dim light in its place so that Weymouth could presently see where he was, and he scanned the shadowy country with a growing belief in his heart that he was a prisoner and that he might be glad to escape from this not reassuring house of entertainment. Once or twice it had seemed from some look or gesture that they had been expected. Rogers and the landlady had undoubtedly betrayed the fact that they were not strangers to each other. If he had been a free man bound on one of his own journeys, nothing that had happened would have made him uneasy, but as the guardian of other men's gold he was more and more on the alert. Clearly the best thing now was to stay quiet for a brief time, for his horse's sake, and then risk himself in a bit of fighting even without his pistols which had been left in his saddle. For another half hour at least he would have his soul in peace, in the quiet of his bed, his head on his pillow, his body warm and alarming. With a fresh horse and the night before him he could bring Bristol himself. He clenched his fist and shook it at the man on the bed; their coming so far out of the way might perhaps be an accident, but Weymouth doubted more than ever the honesty of the man whom he had distrusted at first sight, and the drugged liquor was the surest proof of mischief. He found himself in a tight place.

As he looked down from the window into the misty night the great dismal plain of the Severn stretched away into the shadows of the distance. A fishing smack or small packet boat had crept up toward the headland and cast anchor under its lee. There was a lantern in the rigging and another dim light being brought upon the hill toward the inn. The landlady still blazed away as if she had come down with the sun, and risen less

since then before she got away from this," whispered Weymouth, but she stopped his eager whisper. "The net, the net," she cried, with strange insistence. "Don't drink! the set and the farther window!"

"Don't waste it. You'll kill him if you give him more," said the old woman

whom he had left so heavy hearted, for whose sake he was hurrying to Bristol and hurrying back, the woman he thought of by night and day, here before his astonished eyes! How in the world could she have also fallen into what looked like a den of thieves? How could he manage to get a word with her?

His head dropped on his breast as Rogers' might have done, he was growing faint for want of food, the old woman's supper seemed no nearer ready than at first. The two men were watching him and talking to him by the fire.

"Get me the brandy," he called again, and they chuckled louder. "Drinks all round, you pretty picture!" he commanded the mistress of the house; and this time they laughed even louder, as well they might.

"I'll get it, aunt," said the younger woman unexpectedly, "which bottle then?" She came out into the firelight, not once looking at Weymouth, but her face was very pale and her eyes were shining. He could almost have touched her as she passed.

"Tis there in the cupboard at the right hand, the small bottle if he must have it; my hands are fast in the dough," grumbled the old woman. "Half a glass'll be enough in all conscience," she added, in a lower tone, and Weymouth, as if with much effort and indecision, got to his feet and followed to the cupboard, protuding as he went. At that moment a dog began to yelp and whine before the fire; a cat had stepped upon his poor back and hurt it. The cat began to scratch and bite the man's foot, and, catching the stone from the fireplace, he hurried to the window and opened it.

He held the bottle to the lips. The attack was too sudden and unexpected, the watcher was, for some reason, not ready to declare himself or to provoke an open quarrel; the light was dim, and with much choking and spilling the liquor went down an unwilling throat.

As the peaceful figure with its grandmotherly cap recognized the bitter and raw with rose, with fury, a straight blow from Weymouth's fist and fury, the woman was still, the disarranged headgear back among the pillows, and stunned its wearer into helplessness. Then Weymouth pulled the net from its shelf, after dropping the bottle as if it had fallen from the tips of his hands, and, catching the stone from the fireplace, he hurried to the window and opened it.

It looked out to the strand, but he hastily pushed out the loose arms of the net and heard them drop softly, then fastening a stout twist of the cord about the bars of the tongs and bracing them across the corner, he got out of the window to himself, down, let go the window-sill, and lowered away down by stretching loops and tangles, bumping and swinging like a pendulum against the stone walls until he came to the ground.

It was a breathless beginning of a most uncertain journey, yet while Weymouth sat for a moment on the narrow ledge of rocky ground the freedom and freshness of the winter night seemed sweet enough, after the damp and chill of the room he had left. Such a human nature, the alternate prey of fear and fury, the woman could see but dimly the steep road ahead at his right, below, the hill was steeper still, and looked perilous as he started to find his way down. Even a man who is bold at heart feels all the instincts of self-preservation when he is hunted, the prey instead of the purser. At this instant there came a faint sound from the roadway close by. There was something moving. There was the least sound like a hiss, and then one pebble was tapped against another as he still crept downward. His heart seemed to stop—just as wind caught the light and twisted it to and fro against the house. He flattened himself against the ground and clutched the tongs in his fingers, then he drew them out slowly over the edge to find the shelf below. The jagged ledges hindered him so that he longed to get rid of it. Suddenly he heard an edge whisper.

"This way! Come this way! Weymouth!"

The dim shape showed itself plainer now above him. A woman knelt at the wall above, reaching down to give him a hand whose touch he well knew. He quickly found his footing now and was helped up the steep scramble and stood with her in the next room.

"Come, come," she urged in a whisper.

"She will be keen after us; 'tis for your life!"

He started off instantly down the fall toward the water and he followed. They were running on thin, not solid, and made no noise. He ran by her side and she pushed him back impatiently. "Keep away from me!" she said.

"I'm not so good-looking as the poor crooked-necked figure on the settle," he said. "You'll wait another hour for your supper at least," she added; "I'd no eggs by me, but I've sent up the road a bit; I cooked the last I had for the folks that was just before you. And I ain't got but the one room to show you; the chimney tell all belongs to the other side of the house. He'd ought to get fed," nodding at the poor crooked-necked figure on the settle. "I make bold to say I want no trouble with him. There's a fire in there—there's somebody in there already, but

Weymouth snatched his lips and whistled another tune of his tunes.

"I'll soon see who you are lying there ready to catch me, to open the door to those who will," he said under his breath as he reached for the guttering candle that stood on the mantel shelf. With the bottle still in his other hand he went to Rogers and tried to wake him, insisting that they must soon be starting and loudly offering the encouragement of more drink or more pay, as if he were possessed by a bewitched man's generosity. Rogers was in a stupor, not sleep, and presently Weymouth crossed the room to the other bed but one thing still had been done.

The candle had shone into the dark corner of the sitting and revealed what his eyes had vaguely sought for as he sat waiting with feverish patience by the fire. At wild, long last he made out from one heavy hand to another of the couch, making a noise of interlock, which was enough to draw the latch of the edge in unpredictable folds to make sure he reached to touch it, and his hand was entangled among the cords of a new net.

There was only one thing to do; a man did not wish to trample on an old and crippled body, but a careful look would do no harm, and though he leaned thumped for the first time, he threw open the curtains. There was only a decent old cap with white berries and a face turned away into the pillows. For an instant he looked down compassionately and with a sense of relief, the next instant he saw at the foot of the bed among the bedclothes, which were strangely disarranged, the large, maulily riding boots of a man.

"Poor old gran'pa!" he laughed aloud, as if he were unconscious of being besieged, and were growing more foolish and comfortable every moment with his drink.

"A little grog won't do 'ee no harm," he'll rouse the old mother an' give her a taste o' gin. She looks a bit cold and odd. Too old anyway to be on the road such weather." He brought the bottle back from beside Rogers, and bent down close to the cap. "Rise up now, gran'pa, and take a taste!" he coun-

selled her persuasively. "Twill warm ye, dear."

There was a moment of hesitation, and Weymouth lifted the bearded head and

selected her persuasively. "Twill warm ye, dear."

The boy stood by the window and

selected her persuasively. "Twill warm ye, dear."

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## LOCAL NEWS.

As high as 50 cents was paid for what at Morden on Saturday.

The Fraser Dramatic Co. are holding forth in Brudenell this week.

Miss Zink, from Wellandport, Ont., has been in the city visiting.

Mrs. J. P. Brisbin returned from a long visit to Winnipeg last week.

Mr. R. G. McDonald will soon be returning after his attack of fever.

The Lake of the Woods have erected a 40,000 bushel elevator at Treesebank.

Wheat is grading an 1 and 2 at Methow and 35 to 40 bushels to the common yard.

Mr. N. Johnson was in the city last week in California, and had a fine handshaking.

The telegraph line between Rapid City and Minnedosa was disabled for a part of last week.

A fine lot of business stationery, blank books, etc., has opened at Cliff's book store. Prices the lowest.

Mr. Hauthausen's big speech at Regina reports \$20,000 in receipts from all sources. The local sources bring up about \$30,000.

Mr. C. E. Miller is now in the east buying a stock of goods furnishings which is going to open in the Big Boston store in a few days.

Mr. Nelson, of the McCormick implement Co., is in the city and likely to remain for some time looking after the interests of his company.

Capt. Walton, the newly appointed divisional officer of the Salvation Army, will pay her first official visit to the corps here on Friday, Sept. 27th.

Kao's Clover Root, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation, \$2.50, \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

Joe Brown and Howard Main brought in a refrigerator car full of game on Saturday, on the G. N. W. C. R. This is the largest shoot of the season except the car.

Dr. Sinclair, a professor in a College at Nashville, Tenn., has been in the city some days visiting his sister, Miss Sinclair, who has the Art department in the Brandon Academy.

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 25c. Children love it. Sold by druggists. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

W. Miller has received a large consignment of tinware, &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices known. Don't forget to call on him and be convinced of the big bargains.

That storm the weather prophets Foster and Wiggin said was to have struck this country on Saturday and Sunday must have gone ranching out west as it never put in an appearance.

Miss N. M. Moore, late of the Portage Review staff, was made the recipient of a purse and a handsome sum of money the other day by the leading citizens of that town on her removing to this city.

Mr. Cockburn, sec.-treas., of the North West lumber association who has been in the city for some days, is going out the Roche Perce route in a few days, in which he is largely interested, to look after the winter's operations there.

The funeral of Miss Patterson last week was very largely attended, as the deceased young lady was a general favorite. The public extend their sympathy to the family of the deceased in their sad bereavement.

Whitelaw's west end store will be closed to retail business in a few days all goods being moved to the 9th St. establishment. The west building is being used for Galt's wholesale business with Mr. A. Whitelaw as manager.

Messrs. Parrish & Lindsay's new 25,000 bushel elevator at Carroll will soon be completed and ready for operation by steam power. This makes the sixth elevator for the firm to own and operate, with a capacity altogether of 250,000 bushels.

County Court sittings for the western judicial district have been arranged by Judge Cumberland as follows: Brandon, Dec. 3; Virden, Nov. 20; Rapid City, Dec. 6; Minnedosa, Dec. 7; Shoal Lake, Dec. 9; Birtle, Dec. 10; Russell, Dec. 11th.

Walter Pinder, of Belmunt, had the one side of his face disfigured with gunpowder the other day. His little boy had the canister in hand, killing flies on the table by explosion. Mr. Pinder caught the canister to take it away for safety when an explosion caused the damage it caused.

On Sunday 22nd Sept. the services at St. Agnes church will probably be taken by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and on Sunday 29th Sept. the services will probably be taken by the Rev. Mr. Baker. On the latter date there will be celebration of Holy Communion, and it has been suggested that a harvest festival be held then.—Carberry Express.

A good story is told of a Frenchman, at Montreal the other day, while presenting the condition of the Conservative party. "When," said he, "we lost Sir John Macdonald, we lost the backbone of our party; when we lost Sir John Thomson we lost the head of our party, and now we have nothing left but the bowels."

Const. Kingscott, of the N. W. M. P., who was recently stationed at Wapella, was killed Friday by a horse. While exercising his horse yesterday afternoon in company with a lady companion he had occasion to dismount to adjust the lady's saddle. After doing so and while endeavoring to remount his horse, he stumbled, sprained, and when he was between the shoulders with such violence that he died a few hours afterwards.

Mayor Smart and W. J. Lindsay were in Winnipeg last week.

The bank of Ottawa is going to open a branch at the Portage.

G. G. Gould, the New York millionaire, is now in Manitoba.

The City band are going to practice two nights a week in the city hall after this.

Mrs. (Judge) Cumberland entertained a few lady friends at tea on Friday last.

No more than half a pound of tea can go through the mail as a package.

The Griffs are going to start a shop in Selkirk, and the Conservatives are in store early.

The Vancouverites expect the Rev. Mr. Mason, of this city, there by the 13th of October.

Mr. Galt, Secy. of branch banks, (the Merchants) is in the city on his tour of inspection.

Make it a point when in town to call on Fleming's drug store and get a bottle of No. 9 Tonic.

The last rumor is that Jim Hill and George Gould are securing the Northern Pacific R. R.

Hood's Pills are the best family cardiac and liver medicine. Harmless, I assure you.

Mr. W. W. Beaton is making an effort to have the wheel men of Canada meet in Winnipeg.

Mrs. (Dr.) Spence returned Friday from a long visit with Mrs. (Judge) Walker in Winnipeg.

Hambury & McNea have opened their office at the market for the winter for coal, wood, &c.

Mr. Merner of W. J. Young & Co. returned from the east on Thursday, where he had been for several days.

Mr. Matheson has his new elevator at Forest Station well on the way to completion. It will handle this year's crop.

The Rev. Mr. Mason preached two very acceptable thanksgiving sermons in the Congregational church on Sunday last.

Brander hockeyists are promising to be in the league sure this year with a very strong team. They are anxious for the ice.

It is voted on all hands that prairie chickens are scarce this season. Three or four birds is the average catch of a day's hunt.

Miss Young, sister of W. J. Young, who spent part of the summer in the city returned to her home in Ontario last week.

Great Battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

Alexander, Kelly & Co.'s, new elevator is now up in the skeleton, and is being finished as fast as mechanics and material can do it.

The C. P. R. people have greatly improved the appearance of their depot grounds with the last few days by the erection of a nice fence.

Mr. Wm. Teeple, who has been away in the country all summer for the benefit of his health has returned to town looking much refreshed.

Wheat is now coming in at the rate of 7,000 bushels a day. About 70,000 bushels have so far been delivered here. The highest price yesterday was 45 cents.

Shiloh's cure is sold on a guarantee it cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

That tired feeling should be overcome at once or it may end most seriously. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and prevent sickness and suffering later in the season.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your blood, clear your complexion, regulate your bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. For sale by N. J. Halpin.

Numerous were the spectators who the last few days took a long look at Smith's new delivery wagon imported from Chicago. It is as handsome and as well gotten up as many hacks, with plate glass mirrors on either sides.

The report that the Massey-Harris company has amalgamated with the Bain Brothers' Manufacturing Company, of Brantford, and will branch out into the manufacture of vehicles, is somewhat premature, though negotiations are proceeding to that end.

A Kansas settler, his wife and their two children came to Manitoba last week having travelled in their wagons since June over 900 miles. A settler deterred by the difficulties and hardships of such a journey is made of stuff to earn a large share of success in this province.

We understand from a reliable source that one of Brandon's leading lumbermen has offered to build us a skating and curling rink the same size as the Brandon rink all under one roof and all he asks is exemption from taxes and a small bonus. Steps should be taken at once to hold a public meeting and endeavor to arrange to have a rink built. Nearly every other town in Manitoba has a rink while Carberry, a point from which more grain was shipped last year than any other point in the province, is without a rink of any kind. It does not reflect any credit on us and there is no doubt a rink would have been built last year had not the scheme been left too late in the season. Don't let the same thing occur this year as the work can be done better and cheaper before the cold weather sets in. Of course what is everybody's business is nobody's business and unless the Mayor or council call a public meeting at once and lay the matter before the people it will sit along the same as if people did not care and we will be without a rink.—Carberry Express.

Mr. S. M. Barre returned yesterday from a business trip to Brandon and Minnedosa. He reports the quality of butter turned out by the factories in those districts to be excellent, and believes in factory made butter continues to improve at its present ratio, a ready market can be obtained for all the Manitoba products. Mr. Barre left this morning for St. Agnes and Joly—Free Press.

The coming Saturday is the Jewish New Year.

The Plum Creek show is to-day and to-morrow.

The Hartney fair is to be held on the 1st and 2nd of October.

The Pope is likely to leave Rome to reside in an old town in France.

Vandusen's threshing burned 16 stacks of grain on one Donley near Hartney last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sowden, of Souris, were unfortunate enough to lose their youngest son last week.

The P. P. A. are likely to resist all efforts to force remedial legislation from Ottawa on Manitoba.

Deyell and Mann of Souris, have two houses at Findlay, Reston and Leelanau for wheat purchasing.

The trial of Holmes the murderer is fixed for Oct. 28th at Brandon. He will then have the noted Philadelphian lawyer at his side.

H. M. Stanley, the great African traveller, has been making a tour of Northern Manitoba. He sees as wonderful things here as he sees in Africa.

A Toronto divine named Parker is down on the two legged women. He says his mother never wore bloomers, and he cannot tolerate them now. He quotes the Bible against the innovation.

There is something of acridity over Ottawa, as the Governor-General has been called to the capital. It may be to school question, dissolution or infact anything else the way matters stand at present.

Hartney's majority in Kingston was near 800. The Ontario election law declares it must be shown corruption was sufficiently prevalent to influence the majority, before a member can be unseated, and yet Mr. Hartney resigned, acknowledging he and his friends influenced 800 votes. Pretty strong microscopy that.

Two young men suffering from typhoid were driven into Brandon Hospital on Sunday. One was a young man who has been employed as a farm laborer by Mr. Robert Newton 12 miles south of Souris, for the past two years. The other was a brother-in-law of Mr. John Cherry, and only a month or two out from Ontario.

Call and see the large importation of fancy stationery for weddings, invitations, correspondence, etc., at Cliff's bookstore. The largest and best variety ever brought to the place; also a fine assortment of crochet hooks, knitting pins, card cases, purses, wallets, etc.—an immense variety of small wares.

Mr. and Mrs. Butt returned on Thursday from their wedding trip to the Old Country. Mr. Butt has resumed his management of the bank of B. N. A. and is receiving the congratulations of his host of friends. Mr. Oliver, who had charge during Mr. Butt's absence, is to return to his own responsibility at the coast in a few days.

The Assiniboine Lumber Co. have so far this year sold 50,000,000 feet of lumber, and have now less than 2,000,000 feet left. This rate of sale is quite equal to that of boom days. The most of the lumber has gone into elevators and farm buildings. Mr. Sowden, of Souris, has bought his supply complete from this firm.

Thomas & Co., "bankers," of Chicago, who have advertised in every Canadian paper, stock jobbing, announce themselves "closed out" by heavy judgments. Though they furnished references, they have done up Canadian publishers to the tune of several thousand dollars and those who sent them advances several thousand more. It looks as if they set out for a large swindle and have accomplished their object.

Mr. C. T. Hopwood, who for several months past has been dry goods manager in R. J. Timmins' establishment, left last evening for Brandon. Prior to his departure he was made the recipient of an address from the ladies and gentlemen of the house, and also an exquisite gold locket. The address was expressive of extreme regret at Mr. Hopwood's departure and abundant good wishes for his future success.—Regina Leader.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of Shad Lake, drove to Hamiota in pursuit of two young lads, one of whom makes his home with them. The other lad consents at times to stay with Mr. Geo. Bellamy. The two lads skipped to Hamiota to take the train for the east, and were captured at Hamiota and Master Dick was brought back. On Thursday night they lodged at Mr. McMillan's Lake and the older appropriated some \$8 in cash; also the Hudson Bay store was short of \$5, which the younger boy is accused of taking. Rev. Mr. Robertson feels terribly cut up about the lad whom he has been trying hard to bring up in the straight path making this bad break. The lad will no doubt pull up in the Reformatory.

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## COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH!

We expect that by the time this reaches you, our first carload of Apples will have arrived.

It will be composed of—

### TWENTY-OUNCE PIPPENS,

KING "

BLENHEIM "

HOLLAND "

FIFTON "

CRIV' EEST."

GRIMES GOLDEN."

MAIDENS BLUSH,

an other varieties.

As these are a wide number of varieties, there will not be a large quantity of any one kind.

THE KIND YOU WISH TO GET will probably be the choice of others also, there is always a considerable rush at this place but it's worse at times and we could suggest that you place your order as soon as possible.

Have you seen our New Wagons?

It's a perfect poem in the wagon line (one of the finest productions of the Mitchell & Lewis Co., Racine, Wis., and Chicago, Ill., one of the largest manufacturers in this line on the continent) and if you haven't had the pleasure of having it pull up at your door send your order in while it's new.

**TURNER'S**



## MILLINERY.

FALL STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

LATEST NOVELTIES FROM

LONDON AND PARIS.

Smith & Burton

McINTYRE BLOCK,

422 MAIN STREET.

Winnipeg.

YOU CAN GET THE

## ...Best Tank Pumps..

CAPACITY A BARREL A MINUTE.

### WIRE-LINED SUCTION HOSE.

### ENDLESS BELTS.

All sizes of Rubber and Leather Belting. Machine Oils. BEST BRANDS.

GREASE CUPS AND CUP GREASE.

BRASS AND MALLEABLE STEAM FITTINGS AT

**JOHNSON & CO.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS, BRANDON.

**Robinson & Co.** AVAILABLE TO YOU ALL.

**Fashionable Goods.**

The abundant Harvest, which will soon be housed, demands a better class of FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS.

**GENERAL DRY GOODS.**

Our stock of General and Fancy Dry Goods is now fully complete.

**NOTE --**

New Fall Jackets.

" " Caps.

" " Golf Cloths.

" " Underwear.

" " Hosiery and Gloves.

" " Ribbons and Laces.

**DRESS GOODS.**

New Black Creations.

Colored.

Boucle Effects.

Mohair Weaves.

Scotch Suitings.

Irish Tweeds.

Printed Plaids.

Costume Cloths.

Black & Colored Diagonals.

Bannockburn Tweeds.

WE

Will be pleased to have our out-of-town customers call on us or write for samples.

**ROBINSON & CO.** ROBINSON & CO.

**X. LIFE SAVING MEDICINE.**

**BABY NEARLY DIED.**

I was attacked severely last winter with cramps and colic and thought I was going to die but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. With the first dose I noticed a change for the better, and now he is cured, and fat and healthy.

Mrs. K. K. K. Brandon, Ont.

## FURS.